

FREE SOCIETY

FORMERLY THE FIREBRAND.

Exponent of Anarchist-Communism: Holding that Equality of Opportunity alone Constitutes Liberty, that in the Absence of Monopoly Price and Competition Cannot Exist, and that Communism is an Inevitable Consequence.

VOL. VII. NO. 43.

CHICAGO, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 341.

The Bottom of the Sea.

I dived; the dreamy lights allured me on
To depths where shadowy wrecks loomed with
their dead,
Whose ribs the lazy fishes lie upon,
Whose fleshless hands grasp gold and rubies red.
The waves washed golden dust into my eyes,
Which fevered me with longing and surprise;
I saw the skeletons in ghastly strife
For gold; their empty skulls grinned: "This is
life."

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

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Now.

There is no after life for blighted roses,
No place to finish interrupted songs,
No heaven where a gracious god reposes,
No one or here or there to right our wrongs,—
Ah!—then, seize swift your sword, shout battle-cry,
And, if they lay you low and if you die,
Why, I will still wage war with savage spear,
Nor spend one idle moment by your bier.

—MIRIAM DANIELL.

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False History Narcotics.

Everything has been made use of, all kinds of arguments are being employed in order to persuade the workers that nothing can result from revolution, that peace and time alone can bring a cure for the unfortunate condition of things that exist. History, political economy, the very bases of true reasoning, everything is being vitiated by the bourgeois—and above all, by the leaders of the workingmen—in order to produce a stupor among the masses. They are told that their advanced wisdom is the result of their comparative happiness, their comparative wealth, and indeed their very equality with the bourgeoisie.

But the other day a writer of the *Aurore* paints for the benefit of his readers a beautiful history worthy of some cajolery old granny. He would have it that the workers have gained absolutely nothing by revolution; that the true revolutions in history have been wrought by the peaceful advent of the mariner's compass and of the steam engine. Well, this novel historian is at least *a la mode*, that is bourgeois. Were it only one like that in the *Aurore* who should relate this stuff with a sublime ignorance of history, we might well let it pass. But it expresses the entire direction of literature; it shows the modern tendency to adopt the great scientific discoveries and technical inventions as the only means for progress, in order to oppose all revolutions. "There, my little ones," they tell us, "that's what has made men rich and powerful. That is true progress. As for your revolutions, they have never done anything but hinder scientific and industrial advancement."

Well, then, let us take this invention of the mariner's compass, that has caused a "true revolution." Does anyone imagine that it just came into existence, as a Topsy would say—a scientist one day discovered it in his

experimental closet and presented it to humanity? Nothing of the sort.

The discovery of the compass, as that of the escapement movement of clocks, mathematical instruments, the quadrant for taking the altitude of the sun at sea, or for finding the hour of the day or the latitude, projections for drawing maps, printing, etc., etc., were all the result of emancipated communes of medieval times. The epoch was inaugurated by the great revolution in the twelfth century, and continued for three hundred years at the cost of continual warfare.

The wave of liberty, of individual initiative, of economic and intellectual emancipation, embraced all the cities of Europe, and it was this very wave that gave rise to the great discoveries and inventions. The movement began in the tenth and eleventh centuries in Italy, the twelfth in France, Germany, and the Netherlands; then it drew the attention of Scotland, Scandinavia, and Russia. The communes performed these revolutions pretty much in the way that Sismondi and Augustin Thierry describe. They drove the bishops and lords from among them, and emancipated themselves by the force of arms. They had been serfs; they now became free bourgeois. They organized themselves within fortified enclosures, erected strong towers and stout walls, and sought at every opportunity to increase the compass of their cities by taking in neighboring villages and hamlets. Commerce was carried on not by isolated merchants, but by the trade-unions (guilds). Foreign commerce was carried on exclusively by the cities. The herrings of Sweden were sent to Hamburg; the clothes of Antwerp to Warsaw by the towns of the respective countries. We meet the merchant Antwerp, Laon, or Novgorod, the republic of Genoa or of Venice that sends merchandise, and carrying the stamps of the republics of Venice, of Novgorod, of Laon, of Antwerp, or of Grimsby; furthermore, the very men traveling on the vessels or with the caravans were but the agents commissioned by the cities.

It is thus that the republics of the Netherlands, Italy, France, Russia, etc., became prosperous, and an immense commerce was established in the Mediterranean and the Baltic. And it is during the activity of the republics that the ships were improved, relations what we now call international laws originated, and the art of navigation developed.

In the towns it was amid the noise of battle and of uncompromising war that the bourgeois maintained against bishops, lords, princes, and kings that splendid technique grew up which transformed the industrial Europe of those days, only to be deteriorated or destroyed by the all-powerful kings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was during this epoch that the universities were founded, but as free universities,

not the shops where functionaries and degreed ignoramus are ground out by the State of today. Those were free schools where young men grouped themselves from all parts about a master to endeavor to draw from nature its hidden mysteries. Furthermore, manual labor proceeds hand in hand with mental labor. Galileo made the telescopes and lenses that he invented. The Nueremberg workers made the famous hemispheres that served to prove the atmospheric pressure. As the scientist of those days was also a mechanic and artist, it was but natural that we should have the grand series of inventions that mark the glory and force of modern civilization. Thus—communal insurrection as a beginning—the Revolution as a prime necessity; then emancipation of the people in the towns; semi-Communist and libertarian organization of the communes as an aim; production by organized trades with exchange between trades; communal purchase of commodities distributed to the different homes at cost price; beginning of communal commerce; creation of all the arts and trades that have made the basis of modern civilization; inventions that revolutionized commerce and industry. Such has been the march of history.

Without the communal revolutions of the twelfth century, as those of the Netherlands, or of the English revolution of 1648, without the grand revolution of 1789-93, where would we be? In a condition of slavery as up to 1861 in Russia and up to 1878 in the peninsula of the Balkan. No, sir! Mr. *Aurore*, not by all the gods of whatever kind! Let us have none of it. Had we had the blessings of peace no doubt we would have that same writer today (who slanders revolutions) beating the ponds at night in order to keep the frogs from disturbing some drunken lord!

And what a merry song they sing, these gentlemen, about the steam engine. Do they know that all the elements of the steam engine—the force of steam, atmospheric pressure,—all were sufficiently known two centuries before Watt! If the steam engine had not been brought forth before the seventeenth century, it was not the fault of science nor even of the calm of peace! That would be expecting too much, when the communes and guilds were knifed out of existence by the kings of France, of England, and by the dukes of Italy. If two centuries had to pass before the discoveries of the seventeenth century with the engine of Watt, it was because all industry and all the arts were destroyed with the royal destruction of the communes. So much so, indeed, was it owing to this, that it took Watt thirty years to find workmen who could make a cylinder exact, though two centuries previous, in the city of Nueremberg, he thing could have been most easily made. (See only the mathematical instruments made in

that city and exhibited now in the museums.) Again, if the condensation engine was an English invention, it was only because England was the first to perform the revolution (1648) against the nobility and conspiring kings. It thus made possible a new intellectual and industrial life for the nation. Read the life of Watt and see if the conversations he had with the Glasgow professors would have been possible before the revolution of Cromwell!

But if one willingly takes the least amount of trouble in studying the history of the sciences, he will see that all the grave steps in science, whether at the end of the seventeenth century in England or at the end of the eighteenth century in France, were accomplished at the beginning, during, or immediately after the revolutions.

Revolutionary epochs and scientific awakenings have always gone hand in hand. Even the great scientific awakening of 1858-62, when all the great discoveries of our century—the mechanical theory of heat, the origin of the species, the periodic law of the elements, materialistic psychology, etc.—burst forth suddenly, was intimately connected with the spirit of the revolution of 1848. It results from the same order of ideas and often from the very persons concerned, as the movement of 1848 shows, though it was a movement that embraced the whole of Europe.

The true history of science, of society, of invention, that is the whole social, economic, and scientific progress is intimately tied up with the same periods of revolution. Courage for discovery and invention never comes to scientific men except during the periods of impending revolution.

If we have progressed at all and at any time it was always by way of revolution; and only by way of revolution.

One wants to be convinced let him read that actually did transpire during the "charming" eighteenth century, with its "peaceful progress" so dear to the sublime ignoramus. Let him only read the code of Marie Therese with its enumerations of scientific tortures treated in detail judicially. The horrors and terrors of it would make one's hair stand on end. Yes, indeed, this code was the model for all the codes of this time. And to think of the hangings right and left, and of all the untold, unbelievable sufferings that humanity endured during that century!

No my dear Apostle of Lies, it was not the invention of the mariner's compass that put an end to the atrocious tortures inflicted a hundred years ago on seamen belonging to the king's navy. It was REVOLUTION! And it is time indeed that the desired change, more uncompromising and more profound than any other of the past, shall come again to sweep away the ignominies and the dust of our century, with its cobwebs of ignorance that have accumulated in the minds of the satisfied ones.—Peter Krapotkin. (Translated from the French.)

Anarchistic Requirements.

Anarchism, looked at in a proper and unprejudiced light, must be regarded as the highest ideal to which the human mind can aspire—the goal of human perfection which

serene thought and reason can look up to. Fortunately or unfortunately, while the philosophy is simple in itself (surrounded as we are by old established social conditions), the true meaning of Anarchism requires a superior education and that a "scientific" one. How can we expect a human mind to throw off the shackles of ignorant superstition and mythology without such implements at hand as physics, chemistry, and biology? Or how, on the other hand, resist and break up established governments without a knowledge of social revolutions of the past?

As far as I am able to judge modern society, satisfied with itself, means but one thing by its outcry for "law and order," namely obedience to Church and State; and if education, pure and untinctured, be not our chief aim, I do not know what is. Through education comes enlargement of views regarding different subjects, perception of truths formerly hidden, and an opening of that realm of reasoning which was formerly by the mist of ignorance veiled. Although we find some noble characters among our less fortunate comrades, and for which great credit must be given, yet we must not cease in our endorsement of liberal education which means a capability to reason in the proper direction.

J. S. DAVIS.

New York, N. Y.

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A Picture.

Here is an abstract of one of Libin's sketches called "The New Law," which gives one aspect of the life of a sweat-shop family. The tailor has just heard of the law limiting the day in the shop to ten hours and forbidding the men to do any work at home.

The tailor goes home earlier than usual that night, about ten o'clock, with the customary bundle of clothes for his wife and children to work over. He is tired, distressed, and irritated at the thought of the law. He finds his wife and ten-year-old daughter half asleep, as usual, but yet sewing busily. They, too, are pale and tired, and near them on the lounge is a sleeping baby; on the floor another. The little girl tries to hide her drowsiness from her father, and works more busily than ever.

"Why are you back so early?" asks his wife.

"Pretty soon," he replies morosely, "I'll be back still earlier."

"Is work slack again?" she asks, her cheeks growing paler.

"It's another trouble, not that," he says. "It's a new law, a bitter law." To his little daughter he adds: "Sleep, child, you will soon have time to sleep all day." His ignorant wife does not understand. "A new law? What is that? What does it mean?" she asks. "It means that I can work only ten hours a day." Then they calculate how much money he can make in ten hours. Now he works nineteen hours, and they have nothing to spare. Under the new law he will be idle seven or eight hours a day. What will they do? She thinks the boss must be responsible for the terrible arrangement, for does not all trouble come from the boss? He is irritated by her simplicity, and she begins to weep. The little

girl is overjoyed at the thought that she will no longer have to work, but tries to conceal her pleasure. The laborer, moved by his wife's tears, endeavors to comfort her. "Ah," he says, "it's only a law! Two year ago there was one like it, but the work went on just the same."

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The Village.

Where is it, the little village? How are its white houses disposed? Do they cluster around the church, or are they at the foot a slope? Or along a country road, all in a row? Or do they climb a hill as waggish goats, one built above another, their roofs half hidden in green foliage?

And it is a well-sounding name, the village. A soft name, that will slip off easily over your lips, or a hard one, full of hissing sounds, hoarse as a raven's croak.

And do they celebrate the harvest home or vintage in the village? Is it a wine country or a grain country? What do its inhabitants do now, at this very hour, in the hot sun, out in their fields? Do they stop for a little while on their way home evenings, to send another glance over their rye fields and praise the Lord for all the summer's bliss?

I like to imagine it on rising ground. So modestly does it rest there between yonder trees that from afar you would take it for the ruins of a castle overgrown with moss. But the smoke floats up, and on the road that leads down some children push a cart before them. Then you look on, as with a feeling of envy, and from that spot you take a sweet recollection of the little nest that you saw, as with a bird's eye.

But, no, I rather imagine it in a wide plain, next to a creek. It is so little that a row of poplar trees conceals it from view. Its huts will disappear between the willows along the banks, as shy bathing girls would. A patch of green meadow serves as a carpet; a hedge surrounds it from all sides like a park. Thus you will pass by and never see it. The ditties of washerwomen sound over like the lark's song. Not the least pillar of smoke! It sleeps in peace behind its green bed curtain.

Nobody knows it. Hardly that the nearest city is aware of its existence. It is so modest that no geographer cares for it. It is nothing. Its name will awake no memories. Among the cities of high-sounding names, it is without history, without glory or shame—a stranger who stands modestly aside. And therefore, perhaps, it can smile so prettily, the little village.

Its peasants live drowsily along; its children play; its women spin in the shade of the trees. The little village is happy in its non-celebrity and contented with the radiance of heaven above. It is so far from the mire and the noises of great cities. It is satisfied with its sun; it enjoys its quietness, its green row of poplars, which hides it from all the world.

... And tomorrow, perhaps, the whole world will know about the little village and its existence. Alas! the river will red- den; bullets will whiz through the poplars and the huts will silently show despairing human beings through their torn walls. And the little village will become famous—a battle field.

No more songs from washerwomen, no children's play on the slope, no harvest. No stillness, no more happy contentment. The village is a new name in history, the abstract of victory or defeat, a bloody reminiscence, a new stain on the earth, reeking with the blood of our children.—Emile Zola.

John Swinton.

John Swinton died on December 15, at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y. He was one of the few who always protested by word and deed against unrighteousness and oppression. In the eighties Swinton took a great part in the labor movement. When in 1874 the police raided the labor meeting in Tompkins Square, New York, and Justus Schwab was arrested and charged with murder, it was Swinton who fearlessly and untiringly protested against the police brutality and supported him during his trial. At the funeral of Justus Schwab last year, Swinton together with John Most delivered the eulogy. John Swinton was born in 1830 in Scotland. He came as a boy to the United States, and learned the trade of compositor in Chicago. Later he became a well known journalist, and up to his death was associated with European papers. During the stormy time of the eighties he was widely known as a speaker.

The Prison.

And I saw a gaol lifting its grimy walls to heaven.

And they that passed by looked at it askance, for they said, "It is the abode of Sin."

And to them the broad sky and all the earth was fair to look upon, for they saw the early buds opening and heard the birds that had come back from the South, and they felt the sun which was new warming the heart of beast and plant.

But within the prison, and behind its cold, thick buttresses, and its small, round, triple-barred windows, that looked like tunnels, they heard faint groanings and sighings and much lamentations, and they said, "It is most just, for it is the abode of Sin."

And I heard a Voice saying, "Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!"

And I looked again, and I saw in the gaol those deliverers who in each age have saved the world from itself and set it free, and gyves were on their wrists and ankles. And I saw Israel in the house of bondage before it came forth to preserve Duty for mankind.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

And I saw the Praetorian Hall and One that was bound therein, and soldiers bowed the knee before Him and mocked Him and then led Him away to proclaim Love to the world.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

And I saw within the gaol them that gave liberty to the slave, and them that unbound the mind of man, and them that strove to free his conscience, and them that led onward to Freedom and Justice and Love.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

And I saw there also those who in our own time have counted themselves as nothing if they could but point out God's way unto their brethren; and there were many, too, of the prophets who are still to come, and these also were in bonds.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

And lo, the sky became clouded, and night fell, and there were no birds nor blossoms, but a chill came upon the earth, and they that passed by shivered and trembled; and I beheld, and saw that they were not men, but that they were really wolves, and apes, and swine.

And within the gaol was a great light, and a pleasant warmth came from the barred windows, and I heard a burst of triumphant song.

And the gyves fell from the limbs of the prisoners, and there was great joy.

And they that passed by would now come in but they could not; and now within was freedom and without was captivity.

And the hosts within held up their arms, and the marks of their shackles were upon them.

But I hid my hands behind me, for there was no mark on my wrists.

Woe to the cause that hath not passed through a prison!

—From "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," by Ernest Crosby.

Report.

(The following is a synopsis of a lecture held before the Chicago Philosophical Society on "Individualism" by Chas. J. Lewis, M. D.)

Individualism as a philosophy describes how each of the voluntary guilds comprising any complex community could be bound into a union permitting each person of the union to pursue happiness as inclination would prompt. Such a state is an ideal social order. Anarchism as a philosophic system stands for a theory that is opposed to the invasive dominion of some men over other men. Anarchists are those who have succeeded in exercising political or theological dominion over others or control from an external source. An Anarchist controls himself from within. Anarchists would have us believe that they are the realities of the metaphysical conception coached in the terms sovereignty, empire, republic, or States. It is the actuality of authority that Anarchism opposes. There is nothing better than liberty, nothing worse than despotism—be it the theological despotism of the skies, the theocratic despotism of kings, or the democratic despotism of magistrates. Individualists hold that society is altogether a matter of convenience, an expediency, in fact a creation of men always subject to modification or even destruction. Hence societies have risen and fallen, yet man the essential element persists. The most pronounced trait in human nature is a protestant rebellion against authority. His unborn tendency to rebel against authority raises the hope that ere long all government will cease to exist, and along with it kings, presidents, emperors, legislators, and judges will become extinct.

Men will change their slogan "long live the king" to "government hands off!" An-

archists oppose the present social order because it values man less than his institutions. Anarchy opposes neither love, friendship, fellow feeling, or any other manifestation of harmony between the units of society. It embodies the theory of self, not of selfishness. Nature is the master of man in that it evolves him without a purpose and destroys him without remorse.

There is present in every person a passion to subjugate and exploit nature, and when society was organized, this principle was carried over into the relations between man and man—man's rightful prowess over the soil, air, and water was applied to human relations—where all should be peers. Man has a right to exploit nature, but not his fellows. No authoritarian government in the history of nations ever flourished without an armed force, and the subjects are compelled to support this force. This led Burke to say, "In vain you tell me that artificial government is good, but that I fall out only with its abuse. The thing, the thing itself is the abuse."

Cowards at Work Again.

To the Editor,—Under cover of the excitement caused by the president's death, the Comstockites are getting in some more of their infamous work against some of the little papers in the country.

Tuesday, Sept. 24, three members of the Home colony, out in Washington, were arrested and charged with the crime of "depositing lewd, lascivious and obscene matter in the mails."

The articles complained of appeared in *Discordant*, the little weekly organ of the colorists, and there was nothing in them to warrant this arrest, and had they been printed in the great dailies of the country, no notice would have been taken of them by the censor of the United States mails. Now, it is such unfair discrimination as this on the part of the Comstock crowd that is rallying all lovers of fair play to the support of *Discordant* and other little organs that have been attacked by them and makes them determined to thwart their cowardly plans. One thing is absolutely certain: if the great city dailies, who number their readers by the hundreds of thousands, are to be allowed to discuss the relations of the sexes without being indicted for sending obscene literature through the mails, then these repeated assaults on the little papers, whose patrons only run up into the hundreds, must come to an end.

This much I think may be predicted without ruining a man's reputation as a prophet. —J. T. Small, in *Boston Traveler*.

The Difference.

To the Editor,—Socialists are striving for compulsory cooperation, as the quickest way to secure liberty [?]-through the ballot.

Socialists desire to govern the country. Anarchists are striving for liberty, to secure free cooperation simply through education, knowing that ballots are bought, sold, coerced, stolen, and destroyed. An Anarchist would not govern any other person.

Science proves, and asserts nothing. Religion asserts, and proves nothing.—Kinghorn-Jones, in *Boston Traveler*.

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ANARCHY.—A social theory which regards the union of order with the absence of all direct government of man by man as the political ideal; absolute individual liberty.—Century Dictionary.

He does not really believe his opinions who dares not give free scope to his opponent.—Wendell Phillips.

Notes.

Comrade Natasha Notkin, 357 S. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa., informs us that "A Catechism of Anarchism" will be sent to all applicants for postage.

The International Club, 6 Pitt St., New York, N. Y., has opened a Reading Room. If comrades have any books to spare they will be welcome at the above address.

"Moribund Society and Anarchy" is now published in the German language. It can be ordered from Henry Bauer, 73 Spring-garden Ave., Allegheny, Pa.

Splinters.

If old Papa Hoar was aware of the amount of hilarity and amusement his islands has caused among the Anarchists, perhaps he would not take himself so seriously.

A wonderful amount of "caution" editorials have developed recently in the daily press. Caution and soberness should be used in "dealing with Anarchy." This indicates that they clearly perceive what many would-be radicals do not: by depriving the Anarchist of his liberty, they simply take the first step in cutting off their own heads.

News dispatches state that Roosevelt's message was "well received" in Europe, especially those portions relating to Anarchists. Of course. It must indeed be a pleasure to the tyrants of the old monarchies to see the president of the American republic so anxious to take up their dirty work for them, which has caused them no little worry.

The *Worker's Call* devotes some space to the lying reports which the daily papers give of the debate in Mueller's Hall, and declares that they dare not print the truth concerning Socialism. Yet the *Worker's Call* went to these same lying newspapers for evidence against the Anarchists last September. It seems the capitalist papers are out of court only when their lies are concerning the Socialists.The *Social Economist* declares that "before material progress had created the pres-

ent economic conditions, there were no Anarchists in this country." The statement is only a little less naive than the remarks of Roosevelt, which are criticized. Did Editor Farmer completely forget his school history, while studying "economic determinism"?

It is a noticeable feature of anti-Anarchist bills that they do not define very clearly what "Anarchy" shall mean. This will simply have the effect of empowering every federal judge to sentence for "Anarchy" anyone who makes utterances displeasing to himself or other authorities.

The Socialist press, while generally making political capital out of the "message," has not devoted much space to protesting against the stand on Anarchism. The Single Taxers, on the other hand, are outspoken in their stand for free speech and free press. Here is an eloquent commentary on political action. The Socialist, while he has probably more to fear from repressive legislation, dare not offend the voter, who is liable to misunderstand his position as a defense of "Anarchy." The Single Taxer, on the other hand, not having entered the political arena as such, is free from political obligation, and defends free speech to its logical conclusion.

ABE ISAAC JR.

How will the Job be Done?

C. L. James concludes his comments on "Wat Tyler's Recipe," in No. 339, with the following remarks:

The job is done if we but teach the enlightened class to regard governmentalism as an exploded superstition (1); and show the State Socialists that his idol is not, nor in the nature of things ever can be again, while it lasts, any more than a puppet manipulated by a tiny clique of money-bags. (2) I really believe this can be effected in a very few more years. (3) Time enough to discuss the merits of Communism and Mutual Banking when the removal of government has made it possible to try one or the other. (4)

I hope Comrade James will consider my questions and comments on the above quotation.

1. Who, in his opinion, constitute that "enlightened class"? What sure means of "teaching" them can he point out? And does he think that with the "unenlightened class" left untaught we may hope for a realization of Anarchy?

2. For the present governments the State Socialists themselves have no better words to say. I believe we have quite a job on our hands to show them what we think of their future idol; indeed I fear we will not accomplish that job before they see the workings of their "plan." And it seems to me that the number of people inclining to believe in State Socialism is on the increase.

3. On what is that belief based? And what, approximately, does he mean by a "very few years"?

2. How can the (permanent) "removal" of government be brought about before the merits of Communism or Free Banking have been sufficiently discussed? I would like to know, indeed, whether he can prove that both of these economic systems can equally get along without any government whatsoever. I think that he would thereby have done for Individualism more than Tucker himself ever dreamt of doing. B.

Against the Law.

If you see an inebriated citizen being kicked, punched, buffeted, beaten, dragged, hit and in other ways belabored by a couple of persons wearing the blue badge of the police office, on your way. On your way as fast as your legs will carry you. Don't linger for a minute. Were you to halt you might feel commiseration for the helpless victim.

This is against the law. You mustn't commiserate.

You might reflect that it was a shame for two able-bodied men, assisted by a stout club apiece, to ill-treat a third man, utterly incapable of defending himself.

This is against the law. You mustn't reflect. You might even enter into gentle argument with the two policemen, pointing out to them that such force was unnecessary.

This is against the law. You mustn't argue.

You might protest, finally, against the violence.

This is against the law. You mustn't protest.

You might, by your protests, attract a crowd and thus spoil the policeman's sport.

This is against the law. You mustn't spoil sport.

You might look hard at the policemen, for the purpose of observing the numbers on their caps.

This is against the law. You mustn't look hard at the policeman.

You might by your interference, be arrested yourself, lugged off to a station house, later taken to a court room and there fined \$5.

Wherefore, we repeat, if you see a citizen being beaten by men of the blue, on your way.—*New York Evening Tribune*.**By the Wayside.**

We are constantly told that the public schools are non-sectarian, yet last week a ten-year-old boy was expelled from school at Topeka, Kans., for refusing to pray. "They had no right to do it"? No; but they are doing it; and thus slowly befog the minds of the little ones.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has petitioned President Roosevelt to save the workers from the arbitrary injunctions and decisions of the judges in this country. It will accomplish about as much as Methodist prayer meetings.

Mark Hanna claims to be a friend of organized labor, while Schwab frankly opposes Trade Unions, as conducted at present. Schwab is evidently more honestly outspoken than Uncle Hanna, yet I would advise the workers to trust neither. Under wage-slavery capital and labor have no more in common than the highwayman and his victim.

Before the "Simons-Isaak debate" took place, the Social Democrats were so sure of annihilating Anarchism that great preparations had been made to publish the debate in large numbers. But "man proposes, God disposes"—the debate will not appear in

print, because "the stenographers . . . were unable to provide any manuscript which could be used for printing." Too bad, indeed, for the Anarchists had decided to purchase several thousand copies for distribution. How would it be to have another debate?

INTERLOPER.

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Light.

The first year of the twentieth century is about to close. In it has occurred one of those events which make history; and which has brought the subject of Anarchism up for discussion among all classes of people. Intelligent people are now giving it more serious thought, and are more eager to learn its true philosophy than ever before. In fact, everywhere the indications are that there will be a rapid growth of our ideas in the near future, the stamping-out process notwithstanding. Therefore, in wishing the comrades all a very happy new year, I will say with Sidney Carton in "The Only Way": "The light is breaking, do you hear?" Let these words ring in our ears with that cheering music, for truly I believe the light is breaking for us all.

Chicago, Ill.

H. W. KOEHN.

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Cuttings.

The liberality of the so-called liberal press is something wonderful. The *Torch of Reason*, for instance, edited by the renowned Liberal T. B. Wakeman, has not even mentioned the attempted suppression of Anarchist papers. Free thought in any other line than God and the Bible is condemned as treasonable by these self-styled free thinkers.

It is an old and true saying that for mer slaves make the most tyrannical slave-drivers. Commissioner of Immigration T. V. Powderly, formerly General Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, is more anxious to do the dirty work of his masters than a bras and born capitalist; and the third assistant postmaster general, Madden, a former officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, shows his devotion to the powers that be by attempting to suppress and annoy all radical papers.

A Socialist State, governed by such men as those mentioned, will be a blessing indeed to all unscrupulous schemers, who will naturally put themselves to the front. And, alas, many there are who are willing to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage—a full dinner pail.

The *Appeal to Reason*, which never misses a fling at Anarchists, is caught in the snare of State Socialism. The postoffice has always been held up by this paper as a model for the institutions of a future society, and now it is given a taste at the same medicine these people intend to give those who differ from them. The way old Wayland squirms is amusing to all "unbelievers."

The old revolutionary spirit is to be found among the so-called Socialists no more; they passed beyond that stage they proudly acclaim and are now the staunch supporters of all governments. Millerand as a

member of the French cabinet, has shown them the possibilities to which they can rise, if they only manage to hold the revolutionary element in check, therefore "down with the Anarchists!" is their cry.

It was ludicrous in the extreme to see how these former terrors, these direct descendants of the old French revolutionary heroes, crawled in the mud during the late spell of general insanity. They swore on their bended knees, "believe us, we are not Anarchists; do not confound us with those bad men; those would-be destroyers of home and State; but we are State Socialists, upholders and preservers of the State and everything sanctified by age and custom."

CHAS. DOERING.

— o —
Defense Fund.

A number of comrades were arrested on various pretexts during the popular clamor of these the Home comrades, Larkin, Go-van, and Adams, G. Ciancabilla, editor of *L'Aurora*, and John Most, editor of *Freiheit*, are still in the hands of the authorities. A vigorous defense is being carried on in each case; but funds are needed for this purpose. An appeal is therefore sent out. It is hoped the comrades everywhere will contribute to the extent of their ability.

O. A. Verity is secretary of the defence committee at Home, Wash., and he will receipt for all contributions sent there. The trial of the Home comrades will take place some time in February.

Contributions for Comrade Ciancabilla's defense should be sent to *L'Aurora*, Box 203, Spring Valley, Ill.

The Workingmen's Defense Association has charge of John Most's appeal. The secretary is Edward Brady, 182 E. 82d St., New York, N. Y.

— o —
Here and There.

The police of Cleveland have stopped meetings of the Liberty Association.

The Hudson County Bar Association of Jersey City, N. J., has prepared a bill to place before the State legislature, which makes it a capital offense to "utter a word with intent to incite assassination," and a penitentiary offence for thirty years for teaching "Anarchy or Nihilism or personal violence to any public official." The Russian czar might appoint a commission to study American methods of "dealing" with Nihilism.

The *Boston Traveler* is another paper which prints short communications impartially. If comrades generally take advantage of these opportunities, it will be quite a field for the propaganda.

On December 4, Geo. Brown and A. Pleydell met in a debate on "Single Tax vs. Anarchism," in Philadelphia. The audience was small.

Cortlandale, Pa., has followed Sharon Hill in resisting a compulsory vaccination order of the local Board of Health.

About one hundred workers met at Porto Rico in the hall of the Federation of Labor, and resolved to defy the decision of the court to dissolve the federation. Bravo!

A Cleveland police judge has made a strong argument for expropriation. A man was charged with the theft of a dollar's worth of brass from the Standard Oil Com-

pany, and the judge discharged him, saying:

This is a case of retributive justice. The Standard Oil Company steals from the poor people, and here is a case where a poor man steals from the company. It's a case of getting back at the concern for its robbery of the poor.

Sir Edward Clarke, of the English bar, while upholding repressive legislation against Anarchists, advises caution in arousing public opinion. But why fear the public if Anarchism is criminal?

On December 10, Comrade Ciancabilla was brought up for trial. He pleaded guilty to the mailing of the lottery tickets, which was the nominal charge against him. He was fined \$100 and costs, with six months alternative. The fine was paid.

A strike broke out in a sugar refinery at Rosario, Argentine. One member of the committee appointed to confer with the manager, was arrested and shot by the police, who justified their cowardly act by adducing that he was an Anarchist. The victim, Comrade C. Budislavich, was an active propagandist. The strikers protested.

The general strike has broken out in Barcelona, Spain. The strikers now number over 9,000. In other cities custom-houses and churches were burned down.

The unemployed of Vienna, Austria, held big demonstrations in the streets, demanding bread or work. As usually, they were given bullets instead of bread. Sixteen men were fatally wounded. Such is civilization!

In Russia the peasants are becoming desperate. Apparently they are not willing to wait until the Social Democrats capture the government. Count Palen's castle, twenty-five miles from Riga, was burned to the ground, while the peasants were dancing around the blazing building. The police were powerless against the rebels and troops were summoned.

L. Bruncliek, a veteran comrade in the Austrian movement, died (?) on September 7. The details, as given by the *Hornik (Miner)*, organ of the independent Socialist miners in Bohemia, are as follows: On September 3, eight gendarmes searched his house, and he was arrested "under investigation." After four day's imprisonment he was brought home a corpse. The upper part of the body contained numerous wounds; his left hand was blue, with four small wounds which had the appearance of being made by a dull instrument. A large gash over the right eye, and one on the head were found. The right ear was entirely blue, while the left eye was bloodshot. Two small wounds were on the right temple. The left side of the breast had two long yellow streaks. The commission to investigate the case reported "heart failure" as the cause of his death; and that the wounds could be self-inflicted. The prison physician gave delirium tremens as the cause of his sudden death. Those who knew Com. Bruncliek testify that he was never found in a drunken state, and alcohol is absolutely forbidden in the prison. On the ninth his funeral took place. In spite of the prohibition of the bosses, all the miners took part. At the graveyard entrance eight gendarmes tried to prevent the populace from entering, but they were brushed aside. His death, or more properly—his brutal murder, has aroused intense anger among the miners.

History of the French Revolution.

XXXI

Next month, Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barere, were held to answer for the cruelties which cost their satellite Carrier his head. The maximum was abolished. This, together with a bad harvest, and that scandalous legislation about assignats elsewhere described, occasioned extreme distress. The banishment of the emigrants was annulled. Great numbers of priests and nobles returned. They at once began to plot against the republic. So strong was the royalist reaction, that in February the Jeunesse Dorée destroyed Marat's busts. His ashes were taken from the Pantheon and cast into a sewer. The constitution of 1793 was understood to be annulled. The natural consequence was a riot (April 2, 1795). The mob demanded "Bread," "the Constitution of 1793," and the release of Varennes, D'Herbois, and Barere, who were on trial. The result was they were sent, without trial, to the prison-island of Oléron, in the Bay of Biscay. This was followed up by the prosecution and death of Tinville, Hermann, and some more of the worst Terrorists. Their fate excited no sympathy. "Where are your fournées," cried the spectators. "You hungry dogs," retorted Tinville, "do you find bread cheaper for not having them?"* It had now become the fashion for everyone who had lost a relative during the Terror to wear a crape badge—once this would have been all his life was worth. The emblem rendered the reactionists an army. On the 26th a serious attempt to overthrow the imbecile government was made by a mob whose leader was Ruhl. The Convention was taken by surprise. A member named Féraud was killed. The president, Boissy d'Anglas, was ordered to put decrees dissolving the Convention of 1793, and liberating the accused members. Though the process was just a trifle irregular, no demands could be more proper. But D'Anglas bravely refused, even when Féraud's head was thrust in his face. Most of the deputies had fled; but one of those who remained took the chair, and declared the resolutions carried. The national guard, commanded by Legendre, had no sooner rallied than the mob dispersed without further bloodshed. An attempt to raise it next day was defeated by fair promises. The most democratic sections were disarmed. Six deputies were condemned by martial law. Romme,† who had acted as chairman, stabbed himself, and passed the knife to his friends who all did likewise; but only three were killed outright. The rest went to the guillotine. The murderer of Féraud, though identified, had escaped in the tumult. A tremendous royalist uprising followed. Several attempts to lynch Varennes, Barere, and D'Herbois had been made during their journey to Oléron. In

* We have seen how Macaulay misrepresents these events by confounding dates. Other historians arrange the events with evident reference to hypotheses. I prefer to give them in chronological order and found my theory of cause and effects on sequence.

† The details are stated differently by some. Ruhl is made to shoot himself, Goujon to wield the knife first, and Féraud's murderer to leap from a roof (Toulon-geon, *Moniteur* Nos. 244-6). Romme was one of the calendar revisors.

June the mob of Lyons, headed by priests, burned the prisons, with some sixty Jacobin inmates. Ultramontane organization, "Companies of Jesus"—"of the Sun" etc., spread the White Terror all along the Rhone. Toulon was up again. The rebellion of Vendée, supposed at an end, burst out with renewed fury. An English army landed in this unhappy country.* Not till Napoleon's tyranny was fully established, had the Chouan insurrection been effectually stamped out. The Vendécan uprising was, of course, too serious to be neglected; but the Convention did nothing towards punishing the outrages on the Rhone. Even royalist historians have admitted that they far surpassed in atrocity the September massacres. Why not? Was not the very word Terror first heard at Coblenz? And now reaction had reached its height. The victorious bourgeois was not much more willing than the proletaire to restore the old *regime*. But, reversing the mistake of the Committee, he had tried to secure a broad basis for his power by tolerating all parties—as if the broadest basis would support power when there is none! Power goes with purpose. Only two elements of French society possessed any—the returned emigrants with their friends at home, and the ARMY. The latter truly, after its kind, had done well, and waxed strong. Spain purchased peace. Spires and Worms were retaken. Prussia abandoned the coalition. The Austrians were driven from Belgium; the English from Holland. The latter country was revolutionized, and became a democratic republic, under protection of France. The barrier of the Alps was carried, and Italy invaded. The emigrants perceived that nowhere was their cause so strong as in France itself. Bribes were lavished, papers subsidized, strange coalitions formed with the very sansculottes, whom the Convention was doing its best to drive into the arms of their natural enemies. Without any process of law, Varennes and D'Herbois were sent from Oléron to the pestilential colony of Guiana. The latter died of yellow fever. At the first access be attempted to break it up by drinking a large quantity of brandy, which enabled the royalist and bourgeois

* England was now the mainstay of reaction. The Vendécan rebellion had been almost quelled by Hoche, when an English force, landing in Quiberon Bay, started it up again. English liberals keenly felt the disgraceful position of their country. See the terrible invocation in Coleridge's "Ode to the Departing Year" (1796):

"Thou, in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated light,
By the earth's unsolaced groaning
Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!
By Belgium's corse impeded flood;
By Vendée, streaming brothers' blood;
By Peace, with proffered insult scared;
Masked Hate, and envying Scorn;
By years of havoc yet unborn;
By Hunger's bosom, to the frost winds bared;
But chief by Afric's wrongs
Strange, horrible, and foul;
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf senate, full of gifts and lies,
By Wealth's insensate laugh; by Torture's howl;
Avenger rise!
Forever shall the bloody island scowl?
For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel bow
Short Famine's arrows o'er thy ravaged world?
Hark! how wide Nature joins her groans below!
Rise, God of Nature rise! Ah why those bolts
unhurled?"

libelers to attribute his death to drunkenness.* The saturnine temperament of Billaud Varennes resisted the deadly climate. True to his principles, he refused afterwards to be pardoned by Napoleon, but "escaped," first to New York, then to a republic which used his own language. In Hayti, he resumed his profession of law, espoused a colored lady, refusing overtures from his own wife, who had meanwhile been through the evolution of remarriage and widowhood; and amused himself by teaching parrots to talk. Barere, for some reason he did not choose to explain, was allowed to remain in France. There was a pretense of intention to have him tried; but we may well believe so shrewd a timeserver had his hand on secret springs which it would not do to let him pull. Under the Consular government, he was employed as a journalist and spy. His own people more than once reelected him to legislative offices and during the Hundred Days he so far overcame the past as to be admitted among National Representatives.* While thus offending the extreme democrats, the Convention was nursing its really dangerous enemies into a condition to make successful use of them. On the 22d of August, 1795, was promulgated the bourgeois "Constitution of the Year III." It limited the suffrage, and provided for two Chambers, with an executive Board (the Directory). Only five sections of Paris voted for it. The royalists were furious, because it defeated their hope of a reactionary majority from the rural districts. Paris was full of emigrants, Chouans, and others experienced in war, who could take command of the disaffected populace. With such auspices, began the famous Revolt of the Sections, suppressed by Barras and Bonaparte, October 5. The new government was to come in, just three weeks later. Carlyle, in his desire to exalt the "hero as king" at expense of the multitude, describes this as the end of the Revolution, "the whiff of grapeshot" in which Anarchy gave its last kick, etc. Even he, however, remarks that "there was Royalism in it." I should say there was. The truth is, it was a purely royalist conspiracy; and the reasons it did not succeed lie much deeper than a whiff of grapeshot. The whole body of regicides, the new peasant proprietors, the bourgeoisie, and the omnipotent army, were alike resolved that the feudal system should not be restored. The Parisian democrats perfectly understood all this, and consented to follow royalists in hope of overthrowing the bourgeois domination. Of course so unnatural an alliance was easily broken; thus that class continued to rule which had the support of the peasants and the army. Napoleon's friendship with Barras soon procured him command of the troops in Italy. His fortunes just before the 5th of October had reached

* The remedies for yellow fever are warmth to induce perspiration, ice to quench thirst and cool the head, cyanides in cautious doses to allay nervous irritation, and alcohol (principally champagne) to act upon the kidneys. I should hardly think brandy could be recommended; but a convict's dispensary was most likely poor.

† This caused his banishment, and the rest of his life was obscure. Macaulay's abusive review does not prevent our allowing him at least some negative virtues. Had he been a covetous man, he would certainly have grown rich. His honorable poverty deserves mention from one who praised that of Warren Hastings!

their lowest point.* But by spring he found himself in a position to make rapid conquests, disobey the home government, and play with Italy the same preparatory role which Cæsar played with Gaul. The Directory were afraid of him. By October, 1797, the treaty of Campo Formio made France supreme in Italy. Next May, her government gladly consented to send Napoleon with a great power into Egypt, thus striking the long flank of the British Empire, and getting rid, as was supposed, of an over-popular general. The unsuccessful invasion of Syria and the defeat on the Nile, were disasters from which in truth he hardly could have recovered but that things at home were so atrociously mismanaged meanwhile. The corrupt and incapable administration, having given mortal offense to royalists and republicans alike, having once more raised the continent against France, and begun to intrigue with Louis XVIII, had created that sentiment which became the inspiration of Bonapartism—that the choice lay between a military dictatorship and the old *regime*. There could be no doubt which the nation preferred; and unsuccessful though Napoleon was in Syria, he had sufficiently proven his genius to be necessarily the "hero as king," since one must be. He perceived his opportunity; abandoned his army with the recklessness of Agathocles; slipped away from Egypt, as Gilray represented him, between Nelson's legs, while the hero of the Nile was caressing Lady Hamilton at Naples; and, having turned out the Directory on the 18th of Brumaire, VIII (1799), stood forth the champion of the revolution's fruits against reaction. Nowhere in history is to be found a more atrocious misrepresentation than that which portrays him as the deliverer of France from "the horrors of Anarchy." The horrors thus misnamed ended five years before, while he was preaching Jacobinism and toadying the Robespierres. Even the bourgeoisie could have seen no reason to fear those horrors would be renewed. What everyone, except the interested in obsolete abuses, did fear, was that monarchy might be restored before other institutions which made it odious had been buried past hope of resurrection.

What then were those fruits of the Revolution, to secure which republican France was willing to endure the despotism of an Italian adventurer? The chief magistrate, whether called consul, king, or emperor, could no longer reign "without the law." This, which had been a sentiment uttered by jurists under Louis XV, was now a principle which hundreds of thousands of bayonets were ready to maintain. No more government by hereditary grace of God—only by will of the people! The aristocracy

* "Poets are prophets." Was ever anything written more prophetic than these lines of Coleridge?

"The swain who lured by Seine's mild murmurs led
His weary oxen to their nightly shed,
Today may rule a tempest-troubled State.

"Nor shall not Fortune, with a vengeful smile
Survey the sanguinary despot's might.
And haply hurl the pageant from his height
Unwept to wander in some savage isle.

"There, shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,
Round his tired limbs to wrap the purple vest;
And, mixed with nails and beads, and equal jest!
Barter for food the jewels of his crown."

had lost every shred of their feudal privileges, and bequeathed them to no heirs. Rent, at a rate fixed by competition, or, in a certain proportion of cases, by the customary law of metayerage, was all the new proprietors could exact. Of these proprietors, a vast body, representing probably a million families, had no dependent tenants. All religions were equally tolerated. If the clergy were to be supported by the State at all, it must be in proportion to the numbers of those denominations which wanted their services. Bishops like Talleyrand, cardinals like Dubois and Rohan, were as obsolete as mammoths. With the feudal system, had gone an amount of authorized, protected, consecrated, vice and profligacy, as odious to the people as the great and little tyrannies—the *corvée* and the *lettre de cachet*—if somewhat less actually injurious. The most oppressive imposts, the gabelle and octroi, were forever abolished. The nation, relieved from privilege and exaction, was becoming famous for diligence, thrift, intelligence, and progress. Education had been made general. Science, though it received only crumbs in proportion to the feast once spread for superstition, had succeeded to the popular influence of the latter. In every profession, the army, the navy, the Church, the law, as in the mechanical and commercial trades, there was no longer any artificial barrier between talent and the highest place. Such were the substantial fruits of the Revolution. That they were well worth all they had cost and were still to cost, will be disputed by no one who understands how greatly count exceeds weight—the petty, daily, age-long suffering of millions under tyranny, the short agony of hundreds during a crisis like ninety-three. But not everyone realizes yet that these blessings were inferior in worth to the new spirit—the sense of rights, the consciousness of powers, the criticism of pretensions, the intolerance of abuse,—which has entered into the people. The value of this is not yet generally appreciated, because it is still far from having produced its full effect. But it lives and grows. It will not return void to its Author. It will yet accomplish the work for which it came on earth.

Since we have mentioned the cost of the Revolution, it is worth while to learn from hostile sources what this was. The reactionary Convention, aiming to cast odium on the Terror, ordered statistics of the guillotine to be compiled. They found that the recorded legal or quasi-legal executions foot up less than two thousand! Montgaillard will not believe these figures reliable—he pleads for "more than four thousand"; but to make his own estimate plausible he has to bring in noyades, fusillades, etc., without record. It might be safe at that rate, to give him a few more. Yet his way of counting appears to be conscientious. And he can find no more, on record up to date of report, counting massacres, which belong not to the jurisprudence of Terror, but to war, the business of governments—civil war, raised by royalist lovers of legitimacy, and Girondist "lovers of order."

Other historical writers have been less scrupulous. Alison says 18,600 persons were guillotined, thirty-two thousand slain by Carrier, thirty-one thousand at Lyons!

He justly observes that the extent to which blood was shed will scarcely be credited by future ages! And now "liberty was to be combined with order." When ladies went about in tights and gauze, when speculators resold the spoils of the aristocracy to those who won them, when fast young men whipped *tricoteuses*, and the remains of murdered patriots were cast into the cloaca, there could no longer be a doubt that France had become fit for a gentleman to live in. Moreover, all that genius could do in that way was ready to be done. It was helped out by stupidity. Pitt, having provoked rebellion in Ireland and made it an excuse for union, wished to render the union stable by Catholic emancipation. The absurd prejudices of George III compelled a dissolution of the cabinet upon this issue. With Pitt, departed the prestige of that policy he had long represented. No sooner had the allies of England been well beaten again, than she concluded the peace of Amiens, and left France at last free from fear. It is easy, by haggling over this or that minor point, to make either Bonaparte or Addington responsible for the disastrous rupture of this treaty, so beneficent and so short-lived. But a wide view of history will show that Bonaparte had no choice but to crush England or give up the power which he had been scheming to usurp as early as the winter before his Egyptian campaign. The basis of this power he judiciously made as broad as possible. The pope and the Protestants were alike conciliated. Jacobins, Thermidoreans, Girondins, Feuillantists, émigrés and Vendéens, were all admitted to such posts as they could fill. Representatives of all these classes also dwelt in peace under an usurper whom they declined to serve. But Bonaparte by no means made the Thermidoreans' mistake of counting on their gratitude alone. A Duc d'Enghien was arrested and shot without law; a Vendéan chief guillotined with little pretense of any; a republican general died mysteriously; several Jacobins suffered for obscure conspiracies; the prisons were filled, as arbitrarily as the old Bastille, with persons suspected of resisting the power which courted their allegiance. This power consisted of the army. Bonaparte's position was like that of the magician in the German fables. He had invoked a spirit almost omnipotent, but infernal. The condition on which it served him was that he should find it work to do. The penalty of failure was that it would rend him, as it did after Leipzig and after Waterloo. The peace of Amiens was broken. The whole continent was plunged into a series of wars which lasted for twelve years. The one day of Eylau, the one day of Borodino, witnessed carnage in which the butcheries of the Terror would not have counted. The natural allies of the Revolution were made, for a long time, its enemies. The Jacobin poets of England under Pitt, became the Tory poets of England under Castlereagh. Germany took up arms for the native despotism of Austria and Prussia against the more dreaded foreign tyranny of France. Spain astonished the world by a struggle worthy of Viriathus for a king who, though the worst of Bourbons, was at least her own. The very peasants of Italy armed for the pope and the Two Sicilies against another Charles VIII. The very serfs of Russia faced the betrayer of Poland as they had faced the successors of Timor and of Ertoghrul. C. L. JAMES.

(Continued next week.)

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Daughters of Revolution, 203 Michigan Ave., every second Friday night. December 27: "John Ruskin, Prophet." Speaker, W. Vrooman.

Freisinnige Gemeinde, (German), Schoenhofer's Hall, Cor. Ashland and Milwaukee Aves., every second Saturday night. Thema fuer den 28. December: "Individualismus und Sozialismus." Sprecher: A. Schneider.

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FOR NEW YORK.

Comrade H. Grossmann speaks every Sunday evening in Brooklyn, Watkins St., cor. Belmont Ave. Subjects:

Dec. 29: Die moderne Dreieinigkeit (Kraft, Stoff und Geist).

1902:

January 5: Der Kapitalistische Staat.

Jan. 12: Reform oder Revolution.

Jan. 19: Die Theorie der Entwicklung.

The Letter-Box.

F. L., City.—"Woe to the cause that hath not gone through a prison," but this does not apply to the ballot box, however. No matter whether State Socialism or Anarchism "will be the first step," it will exist long before the majority votes for the change. Name us a single change in social institutions which was achieved through political action, or after the "majority of the people were ripe for the change." Revolutions in society are always carried out by the intelligent minority.—As to the leaders being workmen in the Social Democratic party in Germany, we should be pleased to hear who the workers are. Don't fail to answer.

J. B., Portland, Ore.—Your complaint is a familiar song; but what are we going to do about it? If people do not feel the longing for greater activity in the propaganda, persuasion will help very little. Some people are dead for the movement as soon as they are married. Thanks for new subscriber.

Image Breaker.—The appearance of an article in FREE SOCIETY does not necessarily imply that the publishers endorse the sentiment, either in whole or in part. You have ignored entirely the tread of the article, and confined yourself to small details. The mistakes are so obvious that it is an insult to the reader's intelligence to point them out specifically.

E. C. X., Boston.—Will follow your suggestion as soon as time can be found.

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MEETINGS.

New York City.—SOCIAL SCIENCE CLUB meets every Monday evening, 8:30 p. m., in Civic Hall, 128 E. 28th St., between Madison and Third Aves. Subjects:

Dec. 23—"Discipline." Mrs. E. B. Firm.
Dec. 30—"Anarchists and Anarchism: their Principles and their Tactics." Alexander Horr.

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